

A TRAGIC ROMANCE.

A Texas Desperado Whose Victims Were Scattered Far and Wide.

The man who told the story between the puffs of his cigar was from Texas, says the Kansas City Times. "Clay Allison's life was a tragic romance," he began. "Clay Allison was a desperado. He lived in the Red river country in the panhandle. His trigger finger was busiest in the early '80s. His record was twenty-one. He boasted of it. Twenty-one dead men, whose graves were scattered from Dodge City to Santa Fe. I myself saw him kill Bill Chunk, a bad man, who shot people just for the fun of seeing them fall. The two men had no cause for quarrel. They were the prize killers of the same section of the country. It was a spirit of rivalry which made them swear to shoot each other on sight. Their friends bet on the result of their first chance rencontre. The met one night at a cross-road inn in New Mexico and sat down at tables opposite each other, with their drawn six-shooters resting on their laps beneath their napkins. A plate of oysters on the shell had just been set before Chunk, when he dropped his hand, in careless fashion, and sent a ball at Allison beneath the table. Quick as a leap of lightning Allison's gun replied. A tiny red spot between Chunk's eyes marked where the bullet entered. The dead man rolled over on the table and was still, with his face downward in the dish of oysters.

"Allison was a large cattle owner. He went on a drive to Kansas City once, and while here fell in love, married, and took the woman to his home in the west to live. A child was born to them—a child whose face was as beautiful as the face of cherub, but whose poor little body was horribly deformed. Allison loved the child with the great love of his passionate nature. In the babe's misshapen and twisted form his superstitious mind read a meaning as significant as that of the message which the Divine hand wrote on the palace walls of the king of old Babylon. God, he thought, had visited a curse upon him for his sins. He quit his wild ways. He drank no more. No man ever after the birth of his child fell before his deadly pistol. He was completely changed. In the new life which followed he devoted himself with absorbing energy to his business interests. He became rich in time. Ten thousand cattle on the Texas ranges bore his brand. A few years ago he was driving from his ranch on a heavy road wagon to town. The heavy wheels jolted down into a deep rut Allison was pitched headforemost to the ground. His neck was broken. The team jogged on into the distance and left him lying there, dead and alone upon the prairie."

A COSTLY PROCEEDING.

The Penalty of Asking for a Kiss in British Borneo.

The police court reports in the London papers sometimes quote the price of a kiss, which usually ranges from half a crown to half a sovereign, ac-

DOWN THE ANDES.

A Rough and Exciting Ride on the Transandine Railway.

A correspondent sends an interesting description of a crossing of the Cordillera de los Andes, in the present state of the Transandine railway. The letter says:

"By seven a. m. we were at the first inn on the Chili side. We there chartered a four-horse carriage to drive us to the end station (on this side) of the railway, which feat was accomplished in two hours' time. I call it a feat because the road is all along the river cut into the mountain side, and often there is hardly room for four horses abreast to pass, and when I looked out of the window into the roaring river below I often wished I had been on my mule. We did the distance between the two end stations in about half the time usually employed, only being on horseback for seven hours and two hours in the carriage. At the station we were told that there would be no train to Los Andes till three p. m. next day, but we might telegraph for the contractor's engine to take us down, which we did. We had only to pay thirty dollars for it and saved a whole day by doing so.

"At about ten a. m. the engine arrived, and a very limsy thing it looked. We were put on a small bench at the back of the boiler, the driver and stoker standing in front. We were soon spinning along, through tunnels, over bridges and round curves on a track of about two feet six inches gauge at a rate of thirty miles an hour, and it was all that we could do to hold on to the jolting and rattling little machine. I don't believe I ever passed a worse half hour, expecting every moment to see the engine leave the track and to be dashed into the river below. Stones on the line, which made us all jump off our seats, animals running across the rails, sudden desperate curves round the corners of the rocky cliff—nothing seemed to daunt our driver, and the noise was so great that it was impossible to ask him to slacken down. After we had gone half way, however, he lost a kettle overboard and stopped to pick it up, and then I remonstrated with him and told him to slacken speed, as I did not care to risk my life for the sake of getting to Los Andes a few minutes sooner. He said there was no danger, but drove more slowly, and we got into Los Andes an hour and two minutes after mounting this infernal machine, and right glad I was when we drew up alongside the platform with our bodies and luggage safe and sound."

A GOOD LESSON.

Respect for the Court Taught an Applicant for Citizenship.

Judge Ferris is a man who believes in maintaining the dignity of the courts. While he does not use his position to be captious about it, yet he never fails to impress on a person who displays a lack of respect for the court and through it the law, that the court must be respected and its dignity maintained.

An instance how a man can be taught

that respect for the courts means respect for the law was given by Judge Ferris. The person referred to was an applicant for citizenship. He went to court dressed as if he had left a cow stable, where he had been cleaning the stalls. His clothes were dirty and his boots were covered with filth. When the judge had looked him over he asked if he realized he was in a court of justice and was an applicant for one of the greatest privileges that could be granted him. The man hardly answered. The judge called his attention to the condition of his clothes and boots, and told him to go home and get on the best clothes he had, just as if he was to be married, and, if he passed the examination when he returned he would be given papers of citizenship. The man returned in a few days, well dressed, and showed by his manner that the lesson had not been lost on him. He had a wholesome respect for the court, and was, no doubt, impressed with the majesty of the law.

WEALTH IN CIGAR STUBS.

Remarkable Work of a Collector of the Refuse.

The story told by Mr. Jonathan Finchbeck at North London police court the other day is so remarkable as fully to deserve the prominence that has been given it in the press, says London Truth. Mr. Finchbeck, among other striking statements, asserts that from January, 1876, to January, 1893, he picked up on his way to and from work in the neighborhood of Clapton 600,000 cigar ends, which he valued at £1,800. He estimates the distance covered in these daily walks at 11,823 miles. Even allowing him a walk on Sundays, this would mean that for seventeen years he picked up very nearly 100 cigar ends per day in the course of less than a two-mile walk. Each walk would not have taken him much over an hour. Further, in seventeen years he collected tobacco to the value of £1,800, which means a return of about £105 per annum, or over 40 shillings per week, for an hour's work per day. If this can be done in the neighborhood of Clapton, the returns would be vastly greater in the West End, where cigar ends are presumably more plentiful. The vicar of All Souls', Clapton, has written to the papers to guarantee that Mr. Finchbeck is a deserving man. If the vicar can also guarantee that he is a truthful one, a new and lucrative industry has been discovered.

A Little Bit Thicker.

James Payn recalls in a certain mess-room the conversation after dinner turning upon a Capt. Mosely in the regiment, who had the gift of prophecy; though it must be confessed it was mainly limited to sporting events. A guest who had drunk quite as much champagne as was good for him expressed incredulity to his next neighbor, who, with a most courteous bow, observed: "Well, that is an opinion I can hardly discuss with impartiality, because I am Mosely." "I do not doubt that at all," was the rejoinder; "but are you Mosely right?"